



Monty Python's The Meaning of Life

(Where can that fish be?)

Introduction

[gurgling]

FISH #1:

Morning.

FISH #2:

Morning.

FISH #3:

Morning.

FISH #2:

Morning.

FISH #1:

Morning.

FISH #3:

Morning.

FISH #2:

Morning.

FISH #4:

Morning.

FISH #1:

Morning.

FISH #3:

What's new?

FISH #1:

Not much.

FISH #6:

Morning.

FISH #5:

Morning.

FISH #4:

Hello.

FISH #2:

Morning.

FISH #1:

Morning.

FISH #3:

Morning.

FISH #5:

Morning.

FISH #3:

Morning.

FISH #4:

Morning.

FISH #2:

Morning.

FISH #1:

Frank was just asking 'what's new?'

FISH #6:

Was he?

FISH #1:

Yeah,... mhmm.



FISH #3:

Hey, look. Howard's being eaten.

FISH #2:

Is he? Makes you think, doesn't it?

FISH #6:

Mmm.

FISH #3:

I mean, what's it all about?

FISH #6:

Beats me.

Cartoon

[music]

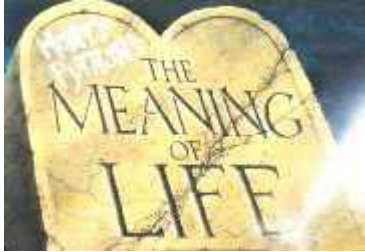
SINGER: [singing]

Why are we here? What's life all about?

Is God really real, or is there some doubt?



Well, tonight, we're going to sort it all out,
For, tonight, it's 'The Meaning of Life'.



What's the point of all this hoax?
Is it the chicken and the egg time? Are we just yolks?

Or, perhaps, we're just one of God's little jokes.
Well, ça c'est le 'Meaning of Life'.
Is life just a game where we make up the rules
While we're searching for something to say,



Or are we just simply spiralling coils
Of self-replicating DNA. Nay, nay, nay, nay, nay, nay.
In this 'life', what is our fate?
Is there Heaven and Hell? Do we reincarnate?



Is mankind evolving, or is it too late?
Well, tonight, here's 'The Meaning of Life'.
For millions, this 'life' is a sad vale of tears,
Sitting 'round with rien nothing to say



While the scientists say we're just simply spiralling coils
Of self-replicating DNA. Nay, nay, nay, nay, nay, nay.
So, just why-- why are we here,



And just what-- what-- what-- what do we fear?
Well, ce soir, for a change, it will all be made clear,
For this is 'The Meaning of Life'. C'est le sens de la vie.
This is 'The Meaning of Life'.

Part I: The Miracle of Birth

ANNOUNCER:

Part One: The Miracle of Birth.

[clunk]

[clunk]

[clunk]

[clunk]

OBSTETRICIAN:

One thousand and eight!

NURSE #1:

Mrs. Moore's contractions are more frequent, doctor!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Good. Take her into the Foetus Frightening Room.

NURSE #1:

Right.

[exciting music]

OBSTETRICIAN:

Thum, thummm, thummm, thum, thummmmm, thummmmmm. Thum, thummm.

Thummm. Jolly good.

[music stops]

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Bumm, bumm, bumm, bumm, bum--

OBSTETRICIAN:

So, it's a bit bare in here today, isn't it?



DOCTOR SPENSER:

Yes.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Yes. More apparatus, please, nurse: the E.E.G., the B.P. monitor, and the A.V.V.

NURSE #1:

Yes. Certainly, Doctor.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

And, uh, get the machine that goes 'ping'.

OBSTETRICIAN:

And get the most expensive machines, in case the administrator comes.

[clunk]

[exciting music]

That's it. Bring in the other machines. Right over here.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

[whistling]

OBSTETRICIAN:

That's it. Just behind me.

[music stops]

Lovely. Lovely. Jolly good. That's better. That's much, much better.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Yeahhh, that's more like it.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Eehhh. Still something missing, though.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Hm?

OBSTETRICIAN:

Hmmm. Mmmmm.

[snap]

OBSTETRICIAN and DOCTOR SPENSER:

Patient!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Yes.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Where's the patient?

OBSTETRICIAN:

Anyone seen the patient?

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Patient?

NURSE #1:

Aah! Here she is.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Bring it over here.

[clank]

Mind the machines!

NURSE #1:

Sorry, Doctor Spenser.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Come along!

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Come along.

NURSE #1:

Jump up there. Up!

MRS. MOORE:

Ehh.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Hallo. Now, don't you worry.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

We'll soon have you cured.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Leave it all to us. You'll never know what hit you.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Good-bye!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Good-bye.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Drips up!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Injections!

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Can I put the tube in the baby's head?

OBSTETRICIAN:

Only if I can do the epesiotomy.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Okay.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Okay. Uh, legs up! Doctor, come in. Come on in, all of you. That's it. Jolly good.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Come along.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Come along. Spread 'round there. Uh, who are you?

MR. MOORE:

I'm the husband.

OBSTETRICIAN:

I'm sorry. Only people involved are allowed in here. All right.

MRS. MOORE:

What do I do?

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Mhm. Yes?

MRS. MOORE:

What do I do?

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Nothing, dear. You're not qualified!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Leave it to us!

MRS. MOORE:

What's that for?

OBSTETRICIAN:

That's the machine that goes 'ping'.

[ping]

You see? That means your baby is still alive!

DOCTOR SPENSER:

And that's the most expensive machine in the whole hospital!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Yes, it cost over three quarters of a million pounds.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Aren't you lucky?!

NURSE #2:

The administrator is here, doctor.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Switch everything on!

[exciting music]

[ping]

MR. PYCROFT:

Morning, gentlemen.

RANDOM:

Morning.

MR. PYCROFT:

Morning, gentlemen.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Morning!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Morning, Mr. Pycroft.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Morning, Mr. Pycroft.

MR. PYCROFT:

Oh, very impressive. Very impressive. And what are you doing this morning?

[music stops]

OBSTETRICIAN:

It's a birth.

MR. PYCROFT:

Aahh. What sort of thing is that?

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Well, that's when we take a new baby out of a lady's tummy.

MR. PYCROFT:

Wonderful what we can do nowadays.



[ping]

Aah! I see you have the machine that goes 'ping'. This is my favourite. You see, we lease this back from the company we sold it to, and that way, it comes under the monthly current budget and not the capital account.

[applause]

Thank you. Thank you. We try to do our best. Well, do carry on.

NURSE #1:

Ooh, the vulva's dilating, doctor.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Oh, yes, there's the head. Yes, four centimetres. Five-- Six centimetres.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Lights!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Amplify the 'ping' machine.

[ping]

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Masks up!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Suction!

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Eyes down for a full house!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Here it comes!

BABY:

[crying]

OBSTETRICIAN:

And... frighten it! Thank you.

[whock]

DOCTOR SPENSER:

And the rough towels!



OBSTETRICIAN:

Show it to the mother. That's enough.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Right! Sedate her!

OBSTETRICIAN:

Number the child.

DOCTOR SPENSER:

Measure it, blood type it, and isolate it!

[whump]

NURSE #1:

Okay.

[clap clap]

Show's over.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Jolly good.

RANDOM:

[mumbling] ...everyone.

OBSTETRICIAN:

Jolly good.

MRS. MOORE:

Is it a boy or a girl?

OBSTETRICIAN:

Now, I think it's a little early to start imposing roles on it, don't you? Now, a word of advice. You may find that you suffer for some time a totally irrational feeling of depression: 'P.N.D.', as we doctors call it. So, it's lots of happy pills for you, and you can find out all about the birth when you get home. It's available on Betamax, VHS, and Super Eight.

[ping]

The Miracle of Birth: Part 2: The Third World

ANNOUNCER:

The Miracle of Birth: Part Two: The Third World.

[sombre music]

[bark bark bark bark bark bark]

[quack quack]

[quack quack quack quack quack quack]



DAD:

Oh, bloody hell.

[quack quack quack]

[fwump]

BABY:

[crying]

MUM:

Ohh, get that, would you, Deirdre?

DIERDRE:

All right, Mum.

BABY:

[crying]

[bark bark bark bark bark bark bark]

CHILDREN:

[talking]

MUM:

Now, whose teatime is it?

CHILDREN:

Mine!

MUM:

Come on, now. Out you go. Now, uh, Vincent, Tessa, Valerie, Janine, Martha, Andrew, Thomas, Walter, Pat, Linda, Michael, Evadne, Alice, Dominique, and Sasha, it's your bedtime.

CHILDREN:

Aww, Mum!

MUM:

Now, don't argue!



Laura, Alfred, Nigel, Annie, Simon, Amanda,--

DAD:

Wait! I've got something to tell the whole family.

MUM:

Oh, quick. Go and get the others in, Gordon.

CHILDREN:

What could it be? Shhh...

DAD:

The mill's closed! There's no more work. We're destitute.

CHILDREN:

[talking]

DAD:

Come in, my little loves. I've got no option but to sell you all for scientific experiments.

CHILDREN:

[whining]

DAD:

No, no. That's the way it is, my loves. Blame the Catholic church for not letting me wear one of those little rubber things. Oh, they've done some wonderful things in their time. They preserved the might and majesty, the mystery of the Church of Rome, and the sanctity of the sacraments, the indivisible oneness of the Trinity, but if they'd let me wear one of those little rubber things on the end of my cock, we wouldn't be in the mess we are now.

BOY:

Couldn't Mummy have worn some sort of pessary?

DAD:

Not if we're going to remain members of the fastest growing religion in the world, my boy.

MUM:

Ehhh, he's right.

DAD:

You see, we believe--
[piano music]
Well, let me put it like this. [singing]
There are Jews in the world.
There are Buddhists.
There are Hindus and Mormons, and then
There are those that follow Mohammed, but
I've never been one of them.
[music]
I'm a Roman Catholic,
And have been since before I was born,
And the one thing they say about Catholics is:
They'll take you as soon as you're warm.
You don't have to be a six-footer.
You don't have to have a great brain.
You don't have to have any clothes on. You're
A Catholic the moment Dad came,
Because
Every sperm is sacred.
Every sperm is great.
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

CHILDREN: [singing]

Every sperm is sacred.
Every sperm is great.
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

GIRL: [singing]

Let the heathen spill theirs
On the dusty ground.
God shall make them pay for
Each sperm that can't be found.

CHILDREN: [singing]

Every sperm is wanted.
Every sperm is good.
Every sperm is needed
In your neighbourhood.

MUM: [singing]

Hindu, Taoist, Mormon,
Spill theirs just anywhere,
But God loves those who treat their
Semen with more care.

MEN: [singing]

Every sperm is sacred.
[clunk]
Every sperm is great.

WOMEN: [singing]

If a sperm is wasted,...



CHILDREN: [singing]

...God gets quite irate.

PRIEST: [singing]

Every sperm is sacred.

BRIDE and GROOM: [singing]

Every sperm is good.

NANNIES: [singing]

Every sperm is needed...

CARDINALS: [singing]

...In your neighbourhood!

CHILDREN: [singing]

Every sperm is useful.



Every sperm is fine.

FUNERAL CORTEGE: [singing]

God needs everybody's.

MOURNER #1:

Mine!

MOURNER #2:

And mine!

CORPSE:

And mine!

NUN: [singing]

Let the Pagan spill theirs
O'er mountain, hill, and plain.

HOLY STATUES: [singing]

God shall strike them down for
Each sperm that's spilt in vain.



EVERYONE: [singing]

Every sperm is sacred.

Every sperm is good.

Every sperm is needed
In your neighbourhood.
Every sperm is sacred.
Every sperm is great.
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite iraaaaate!



DAD:

So, you see my problem, little ones: I can't keep you all here any longer.

GIRL:

Speak up!

DAD:

I can't keep you all here any longer! God has blessed us so much, I can't afford to feed you anymore.

NIGEL:

Couldn't you have your balls cut off?

DAD:

Hohh, it's not as simple as that, Nigel. God knows all! He'd see through such a cheap trick. What we do to ourselves, we do to Him.

GIRL:

You could have had them pulled off in an accident.

CHILDREN:

[talking]

DAD:

No. No, children. I know you're trying to help, but, believe me,...

CHILDREN:

Ohh...

DAD:

...me mind's made up. I've given this long and careful thought, and it has to be medical experiments for the lot of you.

CHILDREN:

Ohh. Oh. Oh...

CHILDREN: [singing mournfully]

Every sperm is sacred.

Every sperm is great.

If a sperm is wasted,...

MR. HARRY BLACKITT:

Look at them, bloody Catholics, filling the bloody world up with bloody people they can't afford to bloody feed.

MRS. BLACKITT:

What are we dear?

MR. BLACKITT:

Protestant, and fiercely proud of it.



MRS. BLACKITT:

Hmm. Well, why do they have so many children?

MR. BLACKITT:

Because... every time they have sexual intercourse, they have to have a baby.

MRS. BLACKITT:

But it's the same with us, Harry.

MR. BLACKITT:

What do you mean?

MRS. BLACKITT:

Well, I mean, we've got two children, and we've had sexual intercourse twice.

MR. BLACKITT:

That's not the point. We could have it any time we wanted.

MRS. BLACKITT:

Really?

MR. BLACKITT:

Oh, yes, and, what's more, because we don't believe in all that Papist claptrap, we can take precautions.

MRS. BLACKITT:

What, you mean... lock the door?

MR. BLACKITT:

No, no. I mean, because we are members of the Protestant Reformed Church, which successfully challenged the autocratic power of the Papacy in the mid-sixteenth century, we can wear little rubber devices to prevent issue.

MRS. BLACKITT:

What d'you mean?

MR. BLACKITT:

I could, if I wanted, have sexual intercourse with you,...

MRS. BLACKITT:

Oh, yes, Harry.

MR. BLACKITT:

...and, by wearing a rubber sheath over my old feller, I could insure... that, when I came off, you would not be impregnated.

MRS. BLACKITT:

Ooh!

MR. BLACKITT:

That's what being a Protestant's all about. That's why it's the church for me. That's why it's the church for anyone who respects the individual and the individual's right to decide for him or herself. When Martin Luther nailed his protest up to the church door in fifteen-seventeen, he may not have realised the full significance of what he was doing, but four hundred years later, thanks to him, my dear, I can wear whatever I want on my John Thomas,... [sniff] ...and, Protestantism doesn't stop at the simple condom! Oh, no! I can wear French Ticklers if I want.

MRS. BLACKITT:

You what?

MR. BLACKITT:

French Ticklers. Black Mambos. Crocodile Ribs. Sheaths that are designed not only to protect, but also to enhance the stimulation of sexual congress.

MRS. BLACKITT:

Have you got one?

MR. BLACKITT:

Have I got one? Uh, well, no, but I can go down the road any time I want and walk into Harry's and hold my head up high and say in a loud, steady voice, 'Harry, I want you to sell me a condom. In fact, today, I think I'll have a French Tickler, for I am a Protestant.'

MRS. BLACKITT:

Well, why don't you?

MR. BLACKITT:

But they-- Well, they cannot, 'cause their church never made the great leap out of the Middle Ages and the domination of alien episcopal supremacy.

NARRATOR #1:

But, despite the attempts of Protestants to promote the idea of sex for pleasure, children continued to multiply everywhere.

Part II: Growth and Learning

ANNOUNCER:

The Meaning of Life: Part Two: Growth and Learning.

HUMPHREY WILLIAMS:

...And spotteth twice they the camels before the third hour, and so, the Midianites went forth to Ram Gilead in Kadesh Bilgemath, by Shor Ethra Regalion, to the house of Gash-Bil-Bethuel-Bazda, he who brought the butter dish to Balshazar and the tent peg to the house of Rashomon, and there slew they the goats, yea, and placed they the bits in little pots. Here endeth the lesson.

CHAPLAIN:

Let us praise God. O Lord,...

CONGREGATION:

O Lord,...

CHAPLAIN:

...ooh, You are so big,...

CONGREGATION:

...ooh, You are so big,...

CHAPLAIN:

...so absolutely huge.

CONGREGATION:

...so absolutely huge.

CHAPLAIN:

Gosh, we're all really impressed down here, I can tell You.

CONGREGATION:

Gosh, we're all really impressed down here, I can tell You.

CHAPLAIN:

Forgive us, O Lord, for this, our dreadful toadying, and...

CONGREGATION:

And barefaced flattery.



CHAPLAIN:

But You are so strong and, well, just so super.

CONGREGATION:

Fantastic.

HUMPHREY:

Amen.

CONGREGATION:

Amen.

HUMPHREY:

Now, two boys have been found rubbing linseed oil into the school cormorant. Now, some of you may feel that the cormorant does not play an important part in the life of the school, but I would remind you that it was presented to us by the Corporation of the town of Sudbury to commemorate Empire Day, when we try to remember the names of all those from the Sudbury area who so gallantly gave their lives to keep China British. So, from now on, the cormorant is strictly out of bounds! Oh, and Jenkins, apparently your mother died this morning. Chaplain.

[organ music]

CHAPLAIN and CONGREGATION: [singing]

O Lord, please don't burn us.

Don't grill or toast Your flock.

Don't put us on the barbecue

Or simmer us in stock.

Don't braise or bake or boil us

Or stir-fry us in a wok.

Oh, please don't lightly poach us

Or baste us with hot fat.

Don't fricassee or roast us

Or boil us in a vat,

And please don't stick Thy servants, Lord,

In a Rotissomat.

[scribble scribble scribble]

[ding]

[ding ding]

[ding ding]

CARTER:

He's coming!

PUPILS:

[yelling]

HUMPHREY:

All right, settle down. Settle down.

[clunk]

Now, before I begin the lesson, will those of you who are playing in the match this afternoon move your clothes down onto the lower peg immediately after lunch, before you write your letter home, if you're not getting your hair cut, unless you've got a younger brother who is going out this weekend as the guest of another boy, in which case, collect his note before lunch, put it in your letter after you've had your hair cut, and make sure he moves your clothes down onto the lower peg for you.
Now,--

WYMER:

Sir?

HUMPHREY:

Yes, Wymer?

WYMER:

My younger brother's going out with Dibble this weekend, sir, but I'm not having my hair cut today, sir.

PUPILS:

[chuckling]

WYMER:

So, do I move my clothes down, or--

HUMPHREY:

I do wish you'd listen, Wymer. It's perfectly simple. If you're not getting your hair cut, you don't have to move your brother's clothes down to the lower peg.



You simply collect his note before lunch, after you've done your scripture prep, when you've written your letter home, before rest, move your own clothes onto the lower peg, greet the visitors, and report to Mr. Viney that you've had your chit signed.



Now, sex. Sex, sex, sex. Where were we? [sniff] Well, had I got as far as the penis entering the vagina? [sniff]

PUPILS:

Umm. Mmmm.

[silence]

BIGGS:

Nnnno, sir.

WATSON:

No, sir.

BIGGS:

No, sir.

WATSON:

No.

PUPILS:

No...

WATSON:

No.

HUMPHREY:

Well, had I done foreplay?

[silence]

PUPILS:

Mmmm. Yeah. Yeah...

WATSON:

Yes.

BIGGS:

Yes, sir.

WATSON:

Yes, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Ahh, well, as we all know all about foreplay, no doubt you can tell me what the purpose of foreplay is,... Biggs.

BIGGS:

Uhm-- Don't know. Sorry, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Carter.

CARTER:

Ah. Uhh, was it taking your clothes off, sir?

HUMPHREY:

Well, and-- and after that?

WYMER:

Ooh. Putting them on the lower peg, sir?

PUPILS:

[chuckling]

[whop]

HUMPHREY:

The purpose of foreplay is to cause the vagina to lubricate, so that the penis can penetrate more easily.

WATSON:

Could we have a window open, please, sir?

HUMPHREY:

Yes. Harris, will you? And, of course, to cause the man's penis to erect and har... den!

[sniff] Now, did I do vaginal juices last week? Oh, do pay attention, Wadsworth! I know it's Friday after-- Oh, watching the football, are you boy? Right! Move over there. I'm warning you! I may decide to set an exam this term.

WATSON:

Oh, sir.

BIGGS:

Oh, sir.

PUPILS:

Oh, sir...

HUMPHREY:

So, just listen. Now, did I or did I not... do... vaginal... juices?

PUPILS:

Mmm. Mmm. Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Name two ways of getting them flowing, Watson.

WATSON:

R-- rubbing the clitoris, sir?

HUMPHREY:

What's wrong with a kiss, boy? Hmm? Why not start her off with a nice kiss? You don't have to go leaping straight for the clitoris like a bull at a gate. Give her a kiss, boy.

WYMER:

Suck the nipple, sir?

HUMPHREY:

Good! Good. Well done, Wymer.

DUCKWORTH:

Uh, stroking the thighs, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Yes. Yes, I suppose so. Hmm?

PUPIL IN FRONT:

Oh, sir. Biting the neck.

HUMPHREY:

Yes. Good. Nibbling the earlobe, uhh, kneading the buttocks, and so on and so forth. So, we have all these possibilities before we stampede towards the clitoris, Watson.

WATSON:

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Now, all these forms of stimulation can now take place,...

[clunk clunk]

[clunk]

[clunk clunk]

[clunk clunk]

[twong]

...and, of course, tongueing will give you the best idea of how the juices are coming along. Helen! Now, penetration and coitus-- That is to say, intercourse up to, and including, orgasm. Ah, hello, dear. Do stand up when my wife enters the room, Carter!

CARTER:

Oh, sorry, sir. Sorry.

HELEN WILLIAMS:

Humphrey, I hope you don't mind, but I told the Garfields we would dine with them tonight.

HUMPHREY:

Yes. Yes, well, I suppose we must.

HELEN:

And I said we'd be there by eight.

HUMPHREY:

Well, at least it'll give me a reason to wind up the staff meeting.

HELEN:

Well, I know you don't like them, but I couldn't make another excuse.



HUMPHREY:

Well, it's just that I felt n-- Wymer! This is for your benefit. Would you kindly wake up? I've no intention of going through this all again.

WYMER:

Ahhh.



HUMPHREY:

Uhh, we'll take the foreplay as read, if you don't mind, dear.

HELEN:

No, of course not, Humphrey.

HUMPHREY:

So, the man starts by entering-- or mounting-- his good lady wife in the standard way. Uh, the penis is now, as you will observe, more or less, fully erect. There we are. Ah, that's better. Now,-- Carter.

CARTER:

Yes, sir?

HUMPHREY:

What is it?

CARTER:

It's an ocarina, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Bring it up here. The man now starts making thrusting movements with his pelvic area, moving the penis up and down inside the vagina, so--



Put it there, boy. Put it there on the table.

[clunk]

While the wife maximizes her clitoral stimulation by the shaft of the penis by pushing forward,-- Thank you, dear. Now, as sexual...

BIGGS:

[chuckling]

HUMPHREY:

...excitement mounts, uh,-- What's funny, Biggs?

BIGGS:

Uh,-- Oh, nothing, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Oh, do please share your little joke with the rest of us. I mean, obviously something frightfully funny's going on.

PUPIL:

[chuckle]

BIGGS:

No. Honestly, sir.

HUMPHREY:

Well, as it's so funny, I think you'd better be selected to play for the boys' team in the rugby match against the masters this afternoon!

[morbid music]

BIGGS:

Oh, no, sir.

[whistle]

[kick]

CROWD:

[cheering]

[whistle whistle]

[applause]

BOY:

Ohh! Aaaahh!

HUMPHREY:

Well done. Okay.

BOYS:

Ohh! Uuhh!

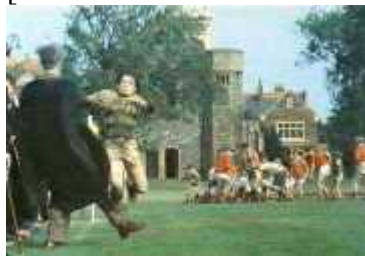
CROWD:

[cheering]

BOYS:

Uuhh! Aw. Uy! Ahh...

[whistle whistle whistle whistle]



Ooh! Uuhh! Stop him.

[whistle]

CROWD:

[cheering]

[boom boom boom...]

Part III: Fighting Each Other

ANNOUNCER:

The Meaning of Life: Part Three: Fighting Each Other.

[boom]

SOLDIERS:

Hh. Uhh. Look out.

[boom]

Uhh. Ahh.

BIGGS:

Okay. Blackitt, Sturridge, and Walters, you take the buggers on the left flank.

Hordern, Spadger, and I...

[pweeng]

...will go for the gunpost.

SPADGER:

Right, sir.

BLACKITT:

Oh, hang on a tick, sir.

SPADGER:

Yeah.

BLACKITT:

You'll never make it, sir. Let us come with you.

BIGGS:

Do as you're told, man.

BLACKITT:

Right-o, skipper.

[boom]

Oh, sir. Sir,... i-- if we-- we don't meet again, sir, I'd just like to say it's been a-- it's been a real privilege fighting alongside you, sir.

BIGGS:

Yes, well,...

SPADGER:

Yeah.

BIGGS:

...I think this is...

[boom]

...hardly the time or place for a good-bye speech, eh? Hah.

BLACKITT:

No. No, me and the lads realise this, sir, but, well,...

BIGGS:

Ehh.

BLACKITT:

...we may never meet again, sir, so,... I--

BIGGS:

Yes, all-- all-- all right, Blackitt. Thanks a lot.

BLACKITT:

No, eh, just a moment, sir.

SPADGER:

Duck.

BLACKITT:

You see,...

[boom]

...me and the lads, we've had a little whip-around, sir.

[boom]

We bought you something, sir.

SPADGER:

Ahh.

BLACKITT:

We bought you this, sir.

[clink clank clink]

SPADGER:

Ah. Hhh.

BIGGS:

Oh. Well, i-- I don't know what to say.

[boom]

It's a-- it's-- it's a lovely thought.

[boom]

Thank you. Uh, thank you all,...

[boom]

SPADGER:

All right, sir.

BIGGS:

...but--

WALTERS:

You're welcome.

[pweeeeeng]

BIGGS:

But I-- I-- I-- I think we'd better get to cover now.

[boom]

BLACKITT:

Hang on a tick, sir. We got something else for you as well, sir.

SPADGER:

Aah.

BLACKITT:

Uh.

SOLDIERS:

Ah. Ah. Ehh...

[ding]

BLACKITT:

Sorry it's another clock, sir,...

[boom]

...only there was a bit of a mix-up.



Well, Walters thought he was buying the present, and Spadger and I had already got the other one.

BIGGS:

Well, it's-- it's beautiful.

[zimm zimm zimm]

They're both beautiful.

[zimm zimm zimm]

[ding]

WALTERS:

Aah!

[boom]

BIGGS:

I-- I think we'd better get to cover now,...

BLACKITT:

Oh, sir, and Corp--

BIGGS:

...and I'll thank you properly later on.

SPADGER:

Uhh. Ehh.

BLACKITT:

Corporal Sturridge got this for you as well, sir. He didn't know about the others, sir.

It's Swiss.

BIGGS:

Oh, well, now, that is thoughtful, Sturridge. Good man.

[boom]

BLACKITT:

And there's a card, sir,... from all of us. Sorry about the blood, sir.

[boom]

BIGGS:

Thank you all.

BLACKITT:

Squad,...

[boom]

...three cheers for Captain Biggs. Hip hip--

[boom]

SOLDIERS:

Hooray!

BLACKITT:

Hip hip--

SOLDIERS:

Hooray!

BLACKITT:

Hip hip--

[boom]

Ooooooh!

SOLDIERS:

Hooray!

BIGGS:

Blackitt! Blackitt!

BLACKITT:

I-- I'll be all right, sir. Oh, there's just... one other thing, sir. Spadge, give him the cheque.

SPADGER:

Oh, yeah. Uhh.

BIGGS:

Oh, now, this is really going too far.

SPADGER:

Oh. I don't seem to be able to find it, sir. Uhh, it'll be in-- be in Number Four Trench. I'll go and get it.

BIGGS:

For Christ's sake, forget it, man!

[boom]

SPADGER:

You shouldn't have said that, sir.

[boom]

You've hurt his feelings now.

BLACKITT:

Don't mind me, Spadge. Toffs is all the same. One minute it's all 'please' and 'thank you', and the next, they'll kick you in the teeth!

STURRIDGE:

Yeah.

BLACKITT:

[cough]

WALTERS:

Let's not give him the cake.

BIGGS:

I don't want any cake.

SPADGER:

Look. Blackitt cooked it specially for you, you bastard!

STURRIDGE:

Yeah, he saved his rations for six weeks, sir.

BIGGS:

Sorry. I didn't mean to be ungrateful.

SPADGER:

Yeah.

BLACKITT:

I'll be all right.

[boom]

Ahh!

SPADGER:

Blackitt! Blackie! Look at him. He worked on that cake like no one else I've ever known.

[boom]

Some nights it was so cold, we could hardly move, but Blackie'd be out there slicing the lemons, mixing the sugar and the almonds.

[boom]

I mean, you try trying to get butter to melt at fifteen degrees below zero!



There's love in that cake. This man's love... and this man's care... and this m--
[boom]
Aghh!

BIGGS:

Oh, my Christ!

STURRIDGE:

You bastard.

BIGGS:

All right!

[boom]

We will eat the cake!

[music]

They're right. It's--

[pweeeeeng]

It's too good a cake not to eat! Get the... plates and knives, Walters.

WALTERS:

Yes, sir. How many plates?

BIGGS:

Six.

WALTERS:

Fine.

[boom]

Aahh!

BIGGS:

Uh.

WALTERS:

Agh.

BIGGS:

Oh. Better make it five.

STURRIDGE:

Tablecloth, sir?

BIGGS:

Yes, get the tablecloth.

[boom]

STURRIDGE:

Aaghh! Uh.

BIGGS:

No, no, no, no. I'll--

[boom]

I'll get the tablecloth and you'd better get the gate-leg table, Hordern.

[boom]

HORDERN:

Ohh. Aahh! And the little mats, sir?

BIGGS:

Yes!

HORDERN:

Right-o.

BIGGS:

All right, while you're at it, you'd better get a doily!

HORDERN:

I'll bring two, sir, in case one gets scrunpled.

BIGGS:

Okay! Eh.

[boom boom boom]

GENERAL:

Well, of course, warfare isn't all fun. Right. Stop that! It's all very well to laugh at the Military, but, when one considers the meaning of life, it is a struggle between alternative viewpoints of life itself, and without the ability to defend one's own viewpoint against other perhaps more aggressive ideologies, then reasonableness and moderation could, quite simply, disappear. That is why we'll always need an army, and may God strike me down were it to be otherwise.

[ziff boom]



SERGEANT MAJOR:

Don't stand there gawping like you've never seen the Hand of God before! Now, today, we're going to do marching up and down the square! That is, unless any of you got anything better to do. Well?! Anyone got anything they'd rather be doing than marching up and down the square?! Yes?! Atkinson. What would you... rather be doing, Atkinson?



ATKINSON:

Well, to be quite honest, Sarge, I'd... rather be at home with the wife and kids.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Would you, now?!

ATKINSON:

Yes, Sarge.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Right! Off you go! Now, everybody else happy with my little plan... of marching up and down the square a bit?

COLES:

Sarge!

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Yes?!

COLES:

I've got a book I'd quite like to read.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Right! You go read your book, then! Now! Everybody else... quite content to join in... with my little scheme of marching up and down the square?!

WYCLIF:

Sarge?

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Yes, Wyclif?! What is it?!

WYCLIF:

Well, I'm, uh, learning the piano.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Learning the piano?!

WYCLIF:

Yes, Sarge.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

And I suppose you want to go and practise, eh? Marching up and down the square not good enough for you, eh?!

WYCLIF:

Well,--

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Right! Off you go!

WYCLIF:

Oh.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Now! What about the rest of you? Rather be at the pictures, I suppose.

SQUAD:

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Ooh, yeah. Yeah. Right. Yeah. Right.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

All right! Off you go!

SQUAD:

Oh. Ooh. Great. That's great. What a day. I want to see the Merle Oberon picture. Eh hehheh.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Bloody army! I don't know what it's coming to. Right! Sergeant Major, marching up and down the square. Left, right, left. Left...

NARRATOR #1:

Democracy and humanitarianism have always been trademarks of the British Army...

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Rubbish!

NARRATOR #1:

Shh! ...And have stamped its triumph throughout history, in the furthest-flung corners of the Empire,...

[mayhem]

...but, no matter where or when there was fighting to be done,...

[patriotic music]

...it has always been the calm leadership of the Officer class that has made the British Army what it is.



[whoosh]

[crash]

[music stops]

AINSWORTH:

'Scuse me.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Morning, Ainsworth.

AINSWORTH:

Morning, Pakenham.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Sleep well?

AINSWORTH:

Not bad. Bit to shreds, though. Must be a hole in the bloody mosquito net.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Yes. Savage little blighters, aren't they?

[clink]

FIRST LIEUTENANT CHADWICK:

Excuse me, sir.

AINSWORTH:

Yes, Chadwick?

CHADWICK:

I'm afraid Perkins got rather badly bitten during the night.

AINSWORTH:

Well, so did we. Huh.

CHADWICK:

Yes, but I do think doctor ought to see him.

AINSWORTH:

Well, go and fetch him, then.

CHADWICK:

Right you are, sir.

AINSWORTH:

Suppose I'd better go along. Coming, Pakenham?

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Yes, I suppose so.

AINSWORTH:

Careful!

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Come on, boy.

[mayhem]

AINSWORTH:

Ah! Morning, Perkins.

PERKINS:

Morning, sir.

AINSWORTH:

What's, uh,-- what's all the trouble, then?

PERKINS:

Bitten, sir. During the night.

AINSWORTH:

Hmm. Whole leg gone, eh?

PERKINS:

Yes.

AINSWORTH:

How does it feel?

PERKINS:

Stings a bit.

AINSWORTH:

Mmm. Well, it would, wouldn't it? That's, uh,... quite a bite you've got there, you know.

PERKINS:

Yes, a... real beauty, isn't it?

AINSWORTH:

Any idea how it happened?

PERKINS:

None whatsoever. Complete mystery to me. Woke up just now, one sock too many.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

You must have a hell of a hole in your net.

AINSWORTH:

Hmm. Well, we've sent for the doctor.

PERKINS:

Ohh, hardly worth it, isn't it?

AINSWORTH:

Oh, yes. Better safe than sorry.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Yes. Good Lord, look at this.

AINSWORTH:

By jove, that's enormous!

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

You don't think it'll come back, do you?

AINSWORTH:

For more, you mean?

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Yes.

AINSWORTH:

You're right. We'd better get this stitched.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Right.

AINSWORTH:

Ah, hello, doc.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Morning! I came as fast as I could. Is, uhh,-- is something up?

AINSWORTH:

Yes. Uh, during the night, old Perkins got his leg bitten sort of... off. Mm?

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Ahh. Been in the wars, have we?

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Mhm.

PERKINS:

Yes.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Ehh. Any headache? Bowels all right? Mm. Well, let's have a look at this one leg of yours, then, eh?



Yes. Yes. Yes, yes. Yes. Yes. Yes, yes. Yes, well, this is nothing to worry about.

PERKINS:

Oh, good.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Yes, there's a lot of it about. Probably a virus. Uh, keep warm, plenty of rest, and if you're playing football or anything, try and favour the other leg.

PERKINS:

Oh.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Mhm.

PERKINS:

Right-o.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Be as right as rain in a couple of days.

PERKINS:

Oh. Thanks for the reassurance, doc.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Not at all. That's what I'm here for. Any other problems I can reassure you about?

PERKINS:

No, I'm fine.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Jolly good. Well, must be off. M-hmm.

PERKINS:

So, it'll, ehh,-- it'll just grow back again, then, will it?

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE:

Uhh,... I think I'd better come clean with you about this. It's, um,-- it's not a virus, I'm afraid. You see, a virus is what we doctors call very, very small. So small, it could not possibly have made off with a whole leg. What we're looking for here is, I think,--
- And this is no more than an educated guess. I'd like to make that clear. ...Is some multi-cellular life form with stripes, huge razor-sharp teeth, about eleven foot long, and of the genus Felis Horribilis: what we doctors, in fact, call a 'tiger'.

PERKINS, PAKENHAM-WALSH, and AINSWORTH:

A tiger?!

EVERYONE:

A tiger?!

[mayhem]

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

A tiger... in Africa?

AINSWORTH:

Hm?

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

A tiger in Africa?!

AINSWORTH:

W-- Ah, well, it, uh,-- it has probably escaped from a zoo. Mhm.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Doesn't sound very likely to me.

AINSWORTH:

Stumm. Stumm. Stumm.

SERGEANT:

Sir!

AINSWORTH:

Stumm.

SERGEANT:

Sir! Sir! Sir! The attack's over, sir! The Zulus are retreating!

AINSWORTH:

Oh, jolly good. Mhm.

SERGEANT:

Quite a lot of casualties, though, sir.

AINSWORTH:

M-hmm.

SERGEANT:

'C' Division wiped out.

AINSWORTH:

Yes.

SERGEANT:

Signals gone.

AINSWORTH:

Yes.

SERGEANT:

Thirty men killed in 'F' Section.

AINSWORTH:

Yes. I see. Mm.

SERGEANT:

I should think about a hundred-- hundred and fifty men altogether, sir.

AINSWORTH:

Jolly good. [sniff]

SERGEANT:

I haven't got the final figures, sir, but there's a lot of seriously...

AINSWORTH:

Yes.

SERGEANT:

...wounded in the compound.

AINSWORTH:

Yes. Well, the thing is, Sergeant, I've got a bit of a problem here. One of the officers has lost a leg.

SERGEANT:

Oh, no, sir!

AINSWORTH:

I'm afraid so. Probably a tiger.

SERGEANT:

In Africa?

AINSWORTH:

Stumm.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

[mumble]

AINSWORTH:

Stumm. Stumm. Stumm. The M.O. says we can stitch it back on if we can find it immediately.

SERGEANT:

Right, sir! I'll organise a party... right away, sir.

AINSWORTH:

Well, it's hardly the time for that, is it Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

Look. A-- a search party.

AINSWORTH:

Oh! Oh! Ah! Ahh! Much better idea! Mhmm.

VICTIMS:

[moaning]

SERGEANT:

Oh, sorry about the mess, sir. We'll try and get it cleared up by the time you get back.

VICTIM #1:

We showed 'em, didn't we, sir?

AINSWORTH:

Yes.



SERGEANT:

Here, we've got a search party. Leave that alone.

VICTIM #2:

This is fun, sir, isn't it? All this killing, bloodshed-- Bloody good fun, sir, isn't it?

RANDOM:

[cough]

AINSWORTH:

Yes. Very good.

POTTER'S HEAD:

Morning, sir!

RANDOM:

Agh.

AINSWORTH:

Nasty wound you've got there, Potter.

POTTER'S HEAD:

Thank you very much, sir!

RANDOM:

Aghh.

RANDOM:

Aahh.

AINSWORTH:

Come on, Private. We're making up a search party.

VICTIM #3:

Better than staying at home, isn't this, sir? Eh? I mean, at home, if you kill someone, they arrest you. Here, they give you a gun and show you what to do, sir.

RANDOM:

Ooh.

VICTIM #3:

I mean, I killed fifteen of those buggers, sir. Now, at home, they'd hang me! Here, they'll give me a fucking medal, sir!

[jungle sounds]

AINSWORTH:

Hah, mhm mhm mhm.

SERGEANT:

Sorry, sir.

PAKENHAM-WALSH:

Thank you, Sergeant Major.

CHADWICK:

Mm hm.

AINSWORTH:

Look! My God, it's huge!

[growl]

[bang bang bang...]

[rewwr]

REAR END:

Uhh. Uh, don't shoot. Don't shoot. We're not a tiger. W-- Uhh, we were jus-- s-- st, um,--

AINSWORTH:

Why are you dressed as a tiger?

REAR END:

Hm?



Oh, 'why!' 'Why!' 'Why!' Haahh, isn't it a lovely day today?

AINSWORTH:

Answer the question.

REAR END:

Oh, we were just, um,--

FRONT END:

Well, uhh, actually, we're-- we're dressed like this because, uh,-- Oh. No, that's not it.

REAR END:

Uh, we did it for a lark. Part of a spree. High spirits, you know. Simple as that. Hm.

FRONT END:

Nothing more to it. Hah.

REAR END:

Ha ha.

FRONT END:

Well, actually, we're on a mission for British Intelligence. Th-- th-- there's a pro-Tsarist Ashanti Chief, uh,--

REAR END:

No, no. No. No, no.

FRONT END:

Uh, no. No, no, no. No. No. No.

REAR END:

No. No, no, no, no. No. No, we're doing it for an advertisement.

FRONT END:

Ah, that's it.

REAR END:

Mhm.

FRONT END:

Uhh, forget about the Russians.

REAR END:

Mhm.

FRONT END:

Uh, we're-- we're doing an advert for 'Tiger' brand coffee.

REAR END:

'Tiger' brand coffee is a real treat. Even tigers prefer a cup of it to real meat. Mm.

AINSWORTH:

Now look.

REAR END:

All right. All right. We are dressed as a tiger because he had an auntie who did it in eighteen-thirty-nine, and this is the fiftieth anniversary.

FRONT END:

No. We're doing it for a bet.

REAR END:

God told us to do it.

FRONT END:

To tell the truth, we are completely mad.

REAR END:

[grimacing]

FRONT END:

We are-- we are inmates of a Bengali psychiatric institution and we escaped by making this skin out of old, used cereal packets.

REAR END:

Mhm.

PERKINS:

It doesn't matter!

AINSWORTH:

What?

PERKINS:

It doesn't matter why they're dressed as a tiger. Have they got my leg?

AINSWORTH:

Good thinking! Well, have you?

REAR END:

Actually,...

AINSWORTH:

Yes?

REAR END:

...it's because we were thinking of training as taxidermists and we want to get the feel of it from the animal's point of view.

AINSWORTH:

Be quiet. Now look. We're just asking you if you've got this man's leg.

FRONT END:

A wooden leg?

AINSWORTH:

No, no. A proper leg! Look. He was fast asleep, and someone or something came in and removed it.

FRONT END:

Without waking him up?

AINSWORTH:

Yes.

FRONT END:

I don't believe you.

REAR END:

We found the tiger skin in a bicycle shop in Cairo. The owner wanted it taken down to Dar Es Salaam--

AINSWORTH:

Shut up! Now look. Have you or have you not got his leg?

REAR END:

Yes.

FRONT END:

No.

REAR END:

No.

FRONT END:

No, no, no.

REAR END:

No. No, no, no.

FRONT END:

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

REAR END:

No, no, no. No. No. No. No.

AINSWORTH:

Why did you say 'yes'?

FRONT END:

I didn't.

AINSWORTH:

I'm not talking to you.

REAR END:

Uum. Uum. Hmmhh.

AINSWORTH:

Right! Search the thicket.

FRONT END:

Oh, come on. I mean, do we look like the sort of chaps who'd creep into a camp at night, steal into someone's tent, anaesthetise them, tissue-type them, amputate a leg, and run away with it?

AINSWORTH:

Search the thicket.

FRONT END:

Oh, 'leg!' You're looking for a leg! Actually, I think there is one in there somewhere. Uhh, somebody must have abandoned it here, knowing you were coming after it, and we stumbled across it, actually, and wondered what it was, and they'll be miles away by now,...

[thock]

...and I expect we'll have to take all of the blame.

REAR END:

Hmhm. As usual.



ZULU ANNOUNCER:

Hello. Good evening, and welcome to 'The Middle of the Film'.

The Middle of the Film

[music]

LADY PRESENTER:

Hello, and welcome to 'The Middle of the Film', the moment where we take a break to invite you, the audience, to join us, the film-makers, in 'Find the Fish'. We're going to show you a scene from another film and ask you to guess where the fish is, but, if you think you know, don't keep it to yourselves! Yell out so that all the cinema can hear you. So, here we are with... 'Find the Fish'.

Find the Fish

[music]

STRANGE MAN:

I wonder where that fish has gone.

STRANGE WOMAN:

You did love it so. You looked after it like a son.

STRANGE MAN:

And it went wherever I did go.

STRANGE WOMAN:

Is it in the cupboard?

AUDIENCE:

Yes! Yes! No!...

STRANGE WOMAN:

Wouldn't you like to know? It was a lovely little fish.

STRANGE MAN:

And it went wherever I did go.

MAN IN AUDIENCE:

It's behind the sofa!

STRANGE WOMAN:

Where can that fish be?

MAN IN AUDIENCE:

Have you thought of the drawers in the bureau?!

RANDOM:

Shh!

STRANGE WOMAN:

It is a most elusive fish!

STRANGE MAN:

And it went wherever I did go.

STRANGE WOMAN:

Ooooh, fishy, fishy, fishy fish!

STRANGE MAN:

A-fish, a-fish, a-fish, a-fishy, ooooh.

STRANGE WOMAN:

Ooooh, fishy, fishy, fishy fish!

STRANGE MAN:

That went wherever I did go.



MAN IN AUDIENCE:

Look up his trunk!

MAN IN AUDIENCE:

Yeah, it's hidden in his trousers!

[gurgling]

FISH #1:

That was terrific!

FISH #2:

Great!

FISH #4:

Wonderful.

FISH #2:

Yeah!

FISH #5:

Yeah.

FISH #3:

Best bit so far.

FISHES:

[mumbling]

FISH #2:

Fantastic!

FISH #1:

Yeah.

FISH #2:

Yes! Really great!

FISH #6:

Very piscine.

FISH #5:

Ha ha hah.

FISH #6:

Yeah. Hee, hee, hee, hee.

FISH #4:

Oh!

FISH #6:

Ahh.

FISH #1:

Heh.

[pause]

FISH #2:

They haven't said much about the meaning of life so far, have they?

FISH #1:

Well, it's been building up to it.

FISH #4:

Has it?

FISH #2:

Has it?

FISH #3:

Yeah, I expect they'll get on to it now.

FISH #5:

Personally, I very much doubt if they're going to say anything about the meaning of life at all.

FISH #6:

Oh, come on. They've got to say something.

FISH #3:

They're bound to.

FISH #2:

Yeah.

FISH #4:

Yeah.

FISH #1:

Yeah.

[pause]

FISH #3:

What do you think the next bit will be, then?

FISH #1:

Caption, I expect.

FISH #6:

What? About the next stage of life, you mean? Oh, yeah. Here we go.

Part IV: Middle Age

ANNOUNCER:

Middle Age.

FISH #6:

Oh. Could've guessed it.



MR. MARVIN HENDY:

Oh, that's much better. Thank you, honey.

MRS. HENDY:

You're welcome.

MR. HENDY:

Mmmm. It was all sort of misty before.

MRS. HENDY:

M-hmm.

MR. HENDY:

That's fine.

M'LADY JOELINE:

Hi! How are you?



MR. HENDY:

Oh, we're just fine!

JOELINE:

What kind of food 'd you like to eat this evening?

MR. HENDY:

Well, we sort of like pineapples.

JOELINE:

Pineapple. Mmm.

MRS. HENDY:

Yeah, we love pineapple.

JOELINE:

Mmm.

MR. HENDY:

Yeah, anything with pineapple in it is great for us.

JOELINE:

Mm. Well, how about the Dungeon Room?

MRS. HENDY:

Oh, look.

MR. HENDY:

Ohh, that sounds fine!

JOELINE:

Sure is. It's real Hawaiian food served in an authentic, medieval English dungeon atmosphere.

MR. HENDY:

Ohh?

MRS. HENDY:

It's--

[sssss]

PRISONER:

Aaaaaaaaaah!

[Hawaiian music]

Aah. Ah. Aah. Aaaaah. Aaaaah!

MR. HENDY:

Hmm m mm mm mmmm mm mm mmmm. Isn't this nice? Ha hah. Why not? Good shot. Real Kodak. Oh! Thank you. Thank you very much. Hm mm mmmm. Dah dah...

PRISONER:

Aaaaaaaaaah!

MR. HENDY:

...dah dah dah dah daah. Daah.

MRS. HENDY:

Hm.

MR. HENDY:

Huhh huh mm. Mmm.

MRS. HENDY:

Hmm hmm.

MR. HENDY:

H-mmm.

MRS. HENDY:

Hmm.

MR. HENDY:

Mmm.

WAITER:

Good evening! Uhh, would you care for something to... talk about?

MR. HENDY:

Oh, that would be wonderful.

WAITER:

Our special tonight is minorities!

MR. HENDY:

Ohh, that sounds real interesting.

MRS. HENDY:

Um, what's this conversation here?

WAITER:

Uh, that's, uh, 'football'. There you can talk about the Steelers-Bears game this Saturday, or you could, uh, reminisce about really great World Series.

MRS. HENDY:

No, no, no, no.

MR. HENDY:

What is this one here?

WAITER:

Uhh, that's 'philosophy'.

MRS. HENDY:

Is that a sport?

WAITER:

Aah, no, it's more of an attempt to, uh, construct a viable hypothesis to, uh, explain the meaning of life.

FISH #3:

What was that?

FISH #5:

What's he say?

FISH #4:

What was that?!

FISH #2:

Shush.

FISH #5:

Eh?

MR. HENDY:

Oh, that sounds wonderful. Would you like to talk about the meaning of life, darling?

MRS. HENDY:

Sure. Why not?

WAITER:

Philosophy for two?

MR. HENDY:

Right.

WAITER:

Room?

MR. HENDY:

Two-five-nine.

WAITER:

Two-five-nine.

MR. HENDY:

Yup. Uhh,-- uh, h-- how do we--

WAITER:

Oh, uhh, you folks want me to start you off?

MR. HENDY:

Oh, really, we'd appreciate that.

WAITER:

Okay!

MR. HENDY:

Yeah.

WAITER:

Well, ehh,...

MR. HENDY:

Mhmm.

WAITER:

...look. Have you ever wondered... just why you're here?

MR. HENDY:

Well, we went to Miami last year and California the year before that, and we've--

WAITER:

No, no, no. I mean, uh, w-- why we're here... on this planet.

MR. HENDY:

Hmmm. No.

WAITER:

Right! Aaah, you ever wanted to know what it's all about?

MR. HENDY:

Nope.

MRS. HENDY:

No. No.

WAITER:

Right-o! Aah, well, uh, see, throughout history,...

MR. HENDY:

M-hmm.

WAITER:

...there have been certain men and women who have tried to find the solution to the mysteries of existence,...

MRS. HENDY:

G-reat.

WAITER:

...and we call these guys 'philosophers'!

MR. HENDY:

Ohh.

MRS. HENDY:

And that's what we're talking about.

WAITER:

Right!

MR. HENDY:

Yeah.

MRS. HENDY:

Ohh, that's neat!

WAITER:

Well, you look like you're getting the idea, so why don't I give you these, uh, conversation cards?



They'll tell you a little about philosophical method,...

MR. HENDY:

Oh.

WAITER:

...names of famous philosophers,-- Uh, there you are. Uhh, have a nice conversation!

MR. HENDY:

Oh, thank you. Thank you very much.

MRS. HENDY:

He's cute.

MR. HENDY:

Yeah, real--

MRS. HENDY:

Yeah.

MR. HENDY:

Real understanding. Mmm.

MRS. HENDY:

Oh! I never knew Schopenhauer was a philosopher!

MR. HENDY:

Oh, yeah! He's the one that begins with an 'S'.

MRS. HENDY:

Oh.

MR. HENDY:

Umm, like, uh, 'Nietzsche'.

MRS. HENDY:

Does 'Nietzsche' begin with an 'S'?

MR. HENDY:

Uh, there's an 's' in 'Nietzsche'.

MRS. HENDY:

Oh, wow. Yes, there is. Do all philosophers have an 's' in them?

MR. HENDY:

Uh, yeah! I think most of 'em do.

MRS. HENDY:

Oh. Does that mean Selina Jones is a philosopher?

MR. HENDY:

Yeah! Right! She could be! She sings about the meaning of life.

MRS. HENDY:

Yeah. That's right, but I don't think she writes her own material.

MR. HENDY:

No. Oh, maybe Schopenhauer writes her material.

MRS. HENDY:

No. Burt Bacharach writes it.

MR. HENDY:

But there's no 's' in 'Burt Bacharach'.

MRS. HENDY:

Or in 'Hal David'.

MR. HENDY:

Who's Hal David?

MRS. HENDY:

He writes the lyrics. Burt just writes the tunes, only now, he's married to Carole Bayer Sager.

MR. HENDY:

Oh, waiter. This conversation isn't very good.

WAITER:

Oh, I'm sorry, sir! Uhh, we do have one today that's not on the menu. It's sort of a specialty of the house, you know.

MR. HENDY:

Oh, yes.

WAITER:

'Live Organ Transplants'.

MRS. HENDY:

'Live Organ Transplants'? What's that?

Part V: Live Organ Transplants

[violin music]

ANNOUNCER:

The Meaning of Life: Part Five: Live Organ Transplants.

[ding dong]

MR. BROWN:

[cough] Don't worry, dear! I'll get it! [cough]

[ding dong ding dong]

[ding dong ding dong]

MR. BROWN:

Yes?



MAN:

Hello. Uhh, can we have your liver?

MR. BROWN:

My what?

MAN:

Your liver. It's a large, ehh, glandular organ in your abdomen.

ERIC:

[sniff]

MAN:

You know, it's, uh,-- it's reddish-brown. It's sort of, uhh,--

MR. BROWN:
Yeah,-- y-- y-- yeah, I know what it is, but... I'm using it, eh.

ERIC:
Come on, sir.

MR. BROWN:
Hey! Hey! Stop!

ERIC:
Don't muck us about.

MR. BROWN:
Stop! Hey! Hey! Stop it. Hey!

MAN:
Hallo.

MR. BROWN:
Ge-- get off.

MAN:
What's this, then? Mmh.

MR. BROWN:
A liver donor's card.

MAN:
Need we say more?

ERIC:
No!

MR. BROWN:
Listen! I can't give it to you now. It says, 'in the event of death'. Uh. Oh! Ah. Ah. Eh.

MAN:
No one who has ever had their liver taken out by us has survived.

MR. BROWN:
Agh.

ERIC:
Just lie there, sir. It won't take a minute.

MR. BROWN:
[screaming]

MAN:
Zip it up.

MR. BROWN:
[screaming]

MRS. BROWN:
'Ere. What's going on?

MAN:
Uh, he's donating his liver, madam.

MR. BROWN:
[screaming]

MRS. BROWN:
Is this because he took out one of those silly cards?

MAN:
That's right, madam.

MR. BROWN:
[screaming]

MRS. BROWN:

Typical of him!

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MRS. BROWN:

He goes down to the public library, he sees a few signs up, comes home all full of good intentions.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MRS. BROWN:

He gives blood. He does cold research. All that sort of thing.

MAN:

Oh.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

ERIC:

Ehh.

MRS. BROWN:

What do you, uh,-- what do you do with them all, anyway?

ERIC:

They all go to saving lives, madam.

MRS. BROWN:

Mmm. That's what he used to say. 'It's all for the good of the country' he used to say.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MRS. BROWN:

Do you think it's all for the good of the country?

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Hm?

MRS. BROWN:

Do you think it's all for the good of the country?

MAN:

Well, I wouldn't know about that, madam. We're just, uh, doing our jobs, you know.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MRS. BROWN:

You're not... doctors, then?

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Oh. Blimey no.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN and ERIC:

[laughing]

YOUNG MAN:

Mum. Dad. I'm off out now. I'll see you about seven.

MAN and ERIC:

[laughing]

MRS. BROWN:

Right-o, son. Look after yourself.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Oh. Now.

ERIC:

M-hmm.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]



MRS. BROWN:

Do you, um,...

ERIC:

[mumble]

MAN:

Carry on.

MRS. BROWN:

...fancy a cup of tea?

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Oh, well, that would be very nice.

MRS. BROWN:

Oh.

MAN:

Thank you.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Thank you very much, madam.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Thank you.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Oh, eh,-- I thought she'd never ask.

ERIC:

You know it.

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Uhh, you do realise, uh, he has to be, uh,... well, dead,... by the terms of the card, uh, before he donates his liver.

MRS. BROWN:

Well, I told him that, but he never listens to me. Silly man!

MR. BROWN:

[screaming]

MAN:

Only I was wondering, ehh,... well, you know, what you was thinking of doing after that. I mean, [sniff] will you stay on your own,... or is there, uh,... well, someone else, sort of, uh,... on the horizon?

MRS. BROWN:

I'm too old for that sort of thing.



I'm past my prime.

MAN:

Not at all. You're a very attractive woman.

MRS. BROWN:

Well, I'm certainly not thinking of getting hitched up again.

MAN:

Sure?

MRS. BROWN:

Sure.

[pause]

MAN:

Can we have your liver, then?

MRS. BROWN:

Oh. No, I'd be... scared.

MAN:

All right.

[snap]

I'll tell you what. Look. Listen to this.

[music]

MAN IN PINK:

Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown,

And things seem hard or tough,

[clunk]

And people are stupid, obnoxious, or daft,

And you feel that you've had quite enough,

[boom]

[singing]

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving

And revolving at nine hundred miles an hour,

That's orbiting at nineteen miles a second, so it's reckoned,

A sun that is the source of all our power.

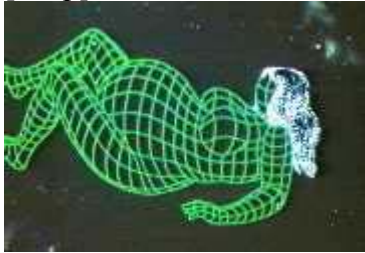
The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see
Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at forty thousand miles an hour,
Of the galaxy we call the 'Milky Way'.



Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars.
It's a hundred thousand light years side to side.
It bulges in the middle, sixteen thousand light years thick,
But out by us, it's just three thousand light years wide.
We're thirty thousand light years from galactic central point.
We go 'round every two hundred million years,
And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
In this amazing and expanding universe.

[boom]

[slurp]



The universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
In all of the directions it can whizz
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light, you know,
Twelve million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed there is.
So remember, when you're feeling very small and insecure,
How amazingly unlikely is your birth,
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space,
'Cause there's bugger all down here on Earth.



[clunk]

MRS. BROWN:

[sigh] Makes you feel so, sort of, insignificant, doesn't it?

MAN:

Yeah. Yeah. [sniff] Can we have your liver, then?

MRS. BROWN:

Yeah. All right. You talked me into it.

MAN:

Eric!
[clap]
[music]



CHAIRMAN:

...Which brings us once again to the urgent realisation of just how much there is still left to own. Item six on the agenda: the meaning of life. Now, uh, Harry, you've had some thoughts on this.

HARRY:

That's right. Yeah, I've had a team working on this over the past few weeks, and, uh, what we've come up with can be reduced to two fundamental concepts. One: people are not wearing enough hats. Two: matter is energy. In the universe, there are many energy fields which we cannot normally perceive. Some energies have a spiritual source which act upon a person's soul. However, this soul does not exist ab initio, as orthodox Christianity teaches. It has to be brought into existence by a process of guided self-observation. However, this is rarely achieved, owing to man's unique ability to be distracted from spiritual matters by everyday trivia.

[pause]

BERT:

What was that about hats, again?

HARRY:

Oh, uh, people aren't wearing enough.

CHAIRMAN:

Is this true?

EDMUND:

Certainly. Hat sales have increased, but not *pari passu*, as our research initially--

BERT:

But when you say 'enough', enough for what purpose?

GUNTHER:

Can I just ask, with reference to your second point, when you say souls don't develop because people become distracted,...



[rumble]

...has anyone noticed that building there before?

RANDOM:

Ohh.

RANDOM:

My God!

CHAIRMAN:

Good Lord!

[crash]

[exciting music]

[crash]

EVERYONE:

[mumbling]

[crash]

CRIMSON PERMANENT ASSURANCE PIRATE:

Aaaaah!

[crash]

CHAIRMAN:

Good Lord! The Crimson Permanent Assurance!

PROJECTIONIST:

We interrupt this film to apologise for this unwarranted attack by the supporting feature. Luckily, we have been prepared for this eventuality, and are now taking steps to remedy it.

[creak]

[boom]

Thank you.

Part VI: The Autumn Years

ANNOUNCER:

The Meaning of Life: Part Six: The Autumn Years.

[piano music]

NOËL COWARD:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Here's a little number I tossed off recently in the Caribbean. [singing]

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis?

Isn't it frightfully good to have a dong?

It's swell to have a stiffy.

It's divine to own a dick,

From the tiniest little tadger

To the world's biggest prick.



So, three cheers for your Willy or John Thomas.

Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake,

Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend,

Your Percy, or your cock.

You can wrap it up in ribbons.

You can slip it in your sock,
But don't take it out in public,
Or they will stick you in the dock,
And you won't come back.
Oh, thank you very much.

RANDOM:

Beautiful!
[applause]

MAX:

Oh, what a frightfully witty song.

MAX'S WIFE:

Terribly clever.

GUEST #1:

Jolly good.

GUEST #1'S WIFE:

Marvellous.
[suspenseful music]



FISH #5:

Oh, shit! It's Mr. Creosote.

MAÎTRE D:

Ah, good afternoon, sir, and how are we today?

MR. CREOSOTE:

Better.

MAÎTRE D:

Better?

MR. CREOSOTE:

Better get a bucket. I'm going to throw up.

MAÎTRE D:

Uh, Gaston! A bucket for monsieur. There you are, monsieur.

[goosh]

Merci, Gaston.

MR. CREOSOTE:

I haven't finished.

MAÎTRE D:

Oh! Pardon. Gaston! A thousand pardons, monsieur.

MR. CREOSOTE:

Uhh.

[goosh]

MAÎTRE D:

Now, zis afternoon, we have monsieur's favourite: ze jugged hare. Ze hare is very high, and ze sauce is very rich with truffles, anchovies, Grand Marnier, bacon, and cream. Thank you, Gaston.

MR. CREOSOTE:

There's still more.

MAÎTRE D:

Oh! Allow me. A new bucket for monsieur,...

[goosh]

...and ze cleaning woman,... and maintenant. Would monsieur care for an apéritif, or would he prefer to order straight away?

[goosh]



MR. CREOSOTE:

Oh.

MAÎTRE D:

Uh, today we have, uh, for appetizers: Excuse me. Mhmm. Uh, moules marinières, pâté de foie gras, beluga caviar, eggs Benedictine, tart de poireaux-- that's leek tart,-- frogs' legs amandine, or oeufs de caille Richard Shepherd-- c'est à dire, little quails' eggs on a bed of puréed mushroom. It's very delicate. Very subtle.

MR. CREOSOTE:

I'll have the lot.

MAÎTRE D:

A wise choice, monsieur. And now, how would you like it served? All, uh, mixed up togezer in a bucket?

MR. CREOSOTE:

Yeah,... with the eggs on top.

MAÎTRE D:

But of course, avec les oeufs frites.

MR. CREOSOTE:

Yeah, and don't skimp on the pâté.

MAÎTRE D:

Oh, monsieur, I assure you, just because it is mixed up wis all ze other things, we would not dream of giving you less than ze full amount. In fact, I will personally make sure you have a double helping. Maintenant quelque chose à boire. Something to drink, monsieur?

MR. CREOSOTE:

Yeah, I'll have six bottles of Château Latour Forty-five...

MAÎTRE D:

Forty-five.

MR. CREOSOTE:

...and a double Jeroboam of champagne.

MAÎTRE D:

Bon, and the usual brown ales?

MR. CREOSOTE:

Yeah. No, wait a minute. I think I can only manage six crates today.

MAÎTRE D:

[tut tut tut tut] I hope monsieur was not overdoing it last night.

MR. CREOSOTE:

Shut up!

MAÎTRE D:

D'accord. Ah! Ze new bucket and ze cleaning woman.

[goosh]



[goosh goosh goosh]

Monsieur, is there something wrong with the food?

GUEST #4:

No, the food was excellent.

MAÎTRE D:

Perhaps you're not... happy with the service?

GUEST #4:

No, no. No complaints.

GUEST #4'S WIFE:

It's just that we have to go. I'm having rather a heavy period.

GUEST #3:

Hmm.

GUEST #3'S WIFE:

Mm mm.

GUEST #4:

And... we... have... a... train to catch.

MAÎTRE D:

Ah.

GUEST #4'S WIFE:

Oh. Yes. Yes, of course. We have a train to catch, and I don't want to start bleeding all over the seats. Ha, hm hm hm.

MAÎTRE D:

Madam?

GUEST #4:

Perhaps we should be going.

GUEST #4'S WIFE:

Oh.

MAÎTRE D:

Oh! Very well, monsieur. Thank you so much. So nice to see you, and I hope very much we will see you again very soon. Au revoir, monsieur.

[clunk]

Oh, dear. I have trodden in monsieur's bucket.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

[slurp]

MAÎTRE D:

Another bucket for monsieur,...

[goosh]

...and perhaps a hose. M-hm.

MAX:

[retch]

MAX'S WIFE:

Oh, Max. Really!

GUEST #2:

[hiccup]

MR. CREOSOTE:

[groaning]

MAÎTRE D:

And finally, monsieur, a wafer-thin mint.

MR. CREOSOTE:

Nah.

MAÎTRE D:

Oh, sir, it's only a tiny, little, thin one.

MR. CREOSOTE:

No. Fuck off. I'm full.

MAÎTRE D:

Oh, sir. Hmm?

MR. CREOSOTE:

[groan]

MAÎTRE D:

It's only wafer thin.



MR. CREOSOTE:

Look. I couldn't eat another thing. I'm absolutely stuffed. Bugger off.

MAÎTRE D:

Oh, sir, just-- just one.

MR. CREOSOTE:

[groaning] All right. Just one.

MAÎTRE D:

Just the one, monsieur. Voilà.

MR. CREOSOTE:

[groaning]

MAÎTRE D:

Bon appétit.

MR. CREOSOTE:

[groaning]

[suspenseful music]

[music stops]



[crash]
[BOOM]
[goosh]
[goosh]
[mayhem]



MAÎTRE D:

Thank you, sir, and now, here's ze check.

Part VI B: The Meaning of Life

ANNOUNCER:

The Meaning of Life: Part Six B: The Meaning of Life.

MAÎTRE D:

M-hm-hmm. You know, Maria, I sometimes wonder if we'll ever discover the meaning of it all working in a place like this.

MARIA:

Oh, I've worked in worse places, philosophically speaking.

MAÎTRE D:

Really, Maria?

MARIA:

Yes. I used to work in the Académie Française, but it didn't do me any good at all, A-- and I once worked in the library in the Prado in Madrid, but it didn't teach me nothing, I recall,

And the Library of Congress you'd have thought would hold some key,

But it didn't, and neither did the Bodleian Library.

In the British Museum I hoped to find some clue.

I worked there from nine till six, read every volume through,

But it didn't teach me nothing about life's mystery.

I just kept getting older, and it got more difficult to see,

Till, eventually, me eyes went and me arthritis got bad,

And so now I'm cleaning up in here, but I can't be really sad,

'Cause, you see, I feel that life's a game. You sometimes win or lose,

And though I may be down right now, at least I don't work for Jews.

MAÎTRE D:

[choking]

[clunk]

I'm so sorry.



I-- I had no idea we had a-- a racist working here. I-- I-- I-- I apologise most sincerely. I mean, well, w-- W-- where are you going? Know what? I can explain, uh,-- Ehh, quel dommage.

GASTON:

As for me, huh, if you want to know what I think, [sniff] I'll show you something. Come with me.

MAÎTRE D:

Ah! I was saying that-- Uh, allo?

GASTON:

Come on.

MAÎTRE D:

Ah, allo? Allo?

GASTON:

This way. Come on. Don't be shy. Mind the stairs, all right? I think this will help explain. Come along. Come along. Over here. Come on. Come on.

[screeech]

[beeeeeep]

This way.

[beeeep]

[honk]

[screeech]

Come on. This way. Stay by me, uh?

[music]

Nearly there, now. You see that? That's where I was born.



You know, one day, my-- my mother, she put me on her knee and she said to me, 'Gaston, my son, the world is a beautiful place. You must go into it and... love everyone, try to make everyone happy, and bring peace and contentment everywhere you go,' and so, I became a waiter. Well, it's-- it's not much of a philosophy, I know,... but, well,... fuck you. I can live my own life in my own way if I want to. Fuck off.

VOICE:

[cough cough]

GASTON:

Don't come following me!

Part VII: Death

[dong]

ANNOUNCER:

The Meaning of Life: Part Seven: Death.

[seagulls]

[ocean sounds]

[suspenseful music]



NARRATOR #2:

This man is about to die. In a few moments, now, he will be killed, for Arthur Jarrett is a convicted criminal who has been allowed to choose the manner of his own execution.

NAKED GIRL #1:

There.

NAKED GIRL #2:

There he is!

NAKED GIRLS:

[panting]

[exciting music]

GOVERNOR:

Arthur Charles Herbert Runcie MacAdam Jarrett, you have been convicted by twelve good persons and true... of the crime of first degree making of gratuitous, sexist jokes in a moving picture.

[heavenly music]

NAKED GIRLS:

[panting]

ARTHUR JARRETT:

Aaaaaaaggh!

[whump]

PADRE:

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

LEAF #1:

[sobbing]

[bark bark bark]

[bark bark bark bark]

[bark bark]

It's no good. I-- I-- I-- I just can't go on. I-- [sob] I'm no good any more. [sniff]

LEAF #2:

No.

LEAF #1:

[sob] I-- I-- I want to end it all. [sobbing] Good-bye! Good-bye!

[snap]

Aaaaaaagggghh!



[whump]

LEAF #2:

[gasp] Oh, my God! [gasp] Oh, no! I c-- [gasp] What'll I do? I-- I can't live without him. I-- I-- I-- [gasp]

[snap]

Aaaaaaggh!

[whump]

LEAF #3:

Mummy?

LEAF #4:

Mum, where are you?

LEAF #3:

Mum? Daddy?

LEAF #4:

[gasp]

LEAF #3:

Mumm-- mummy?

LEAF #4:

[gasp] Mummy? What are you doing?

LEAF #3:

[gasp gasp]

LEAF #4:

Don't push.

[snap]

LEAF #3:

[gasp] Aaaaaagggghh!

LEAF #4:

Aaaaaagggghh! Aaaagggghh!

[whump]

[whump]

REMAINING LEAVES:

Oh! Aagh!

[whump]

[breathing sound]

[bark bark bark bark bark bark]

[bark bark bark]
[bark bark bark bark]
[bark bark bark]
[dong dong]
[wind]
[dong dong]



[dong]
[scary music]
[clunk clunk]
[clunk clunk]

GEOFFREY:

Yes?
[pause]
Is it about the hedge?
[pause]
Look. I am awfully sorry, but--

GRIM REAPER:

I am the Grim Reaper.

GEOFFREY:

Who?

GRIM REAPER:

The Grim Reaper.

GEOFFREY:

Yes, I see.

GRIM REAPER:

I am death.

GEOFFREY:

Yes, well, the thing is, we've got some people from America for dinner tonight, and--

ANGELA:

Who is it, darling?

GEOFFREY:

It's a 'Mr. Death' or something. He's come about the reaping? I don't think we need any at the moment.

ANGELA:

Hello. Well, don't leave him hanging around outside, darling. Ask him in.

GEOFFREY:

Darling, I don't think it's quite the moment.

ANGELA:

Do come in. Come along in. Come and have a drink. Do. Come on.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

ANGELA:

It's one of the little men from the village.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

ANGELA:

Uh, do come in.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

ANGELA:

Please.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

ANGELA:

This is Howard Katzenberg from Philadelphia...

HOWARD KATZENBERG:

Hi.

ANGELA:

...and his wife, Debbie,...

DEBBIE:

Hello there.

ANGELA:

...and these are the Portland-Smythes, Jeremy and Fiona.

FIONA PORTLAND-SMYTHE:

Good evening.

ANGELA:

This is Mr. Death.

[spooky music]

Well, do get Mr. Death a drink, darling.

GEOFFREY:

Uh, yes.

HOWARD:

Mmm.

ANGELA:

Mr. Death is a reaper.

GRIM REAPER:

The Grim Reaper.

ANGELA:

Hardly surprising, in this weather. Ha ha ha.

EVERYONE:

[laughing]

HOWARD:

So, you still, uh, reap around here, do you, Mr. Death?

GRIM REAPER:

I am the Grim Reaper.

GEOFFREY:

That's about all he says.

DEBBIE:

Heh.

GEOFFREY:

There's your drink, Mr. Death.

ANGELA:

Do sit down.

DEBBIE:

We were just talking about some of the awful problems facing the thir-- [gasp]
[crash]

ANGELA:

Ohh. Would you prefer white? I-- I'm afraid we don't have any beer.

JEREMY PORTLAND-SMYTHE:

The Stilton's awfully good.

GRIM REAPER:

I am not of this world.

[spooky music]

GEOFFREY:

Good Lord.

GRIM REAPER:

I am death.

DEBBIE:

Well, isn't that extraordinary? We were just talking about death only five minutes ago.

ANGELA:

Yes, we were.

HOWARD:

Mmm. Mm.

ANGELA:

You know, whether death is really the end.

DEBBIE:

As my husband, uh, Howard, here, feels, or whether there is-- and one so hates to use words like 'soul' or 'spirit', but--

JEREMY:

But what other words can one use?

GEOFFREY:

E-- exactly.

GRIM REAPER:

You do not understand.

DEBBIE:

Ah, no. Obviously not.

HOWARD:

Let me just tell you something, Mr. Death.

GRIM REAPER:

You do n--

HOWARD:

Just one moment. I'd like to express, on behalf of everybody here, what a... really unique experience this is.

JEREMY:

Hear, hear.

ANGELA:

Yes, we're so delighted, uh, that you dropped in, Mr. Death.

HOWARD:

Can I just finish, please?

DEBBIE:

Mr. Death, is there an after-life?

HOWARD:

Dear, if you could just wait, please, a moment,--

ANGELA:

Are you sure you wouldn't like some sherry?

DEBBIE:

[mumbling]

HOWARD:

Angela. Angela, I'd like to just say this at this time, if I could, please. Really.

GRIM REAPER:

Be quiet!

HOWARD:

Can I just say this at this time, please?

GRIM REAPER:

Silence! I have come for you.

ANGELA:

You mean... to--

GRIM REAPER:

Take you away. That is my purpose. I am death.



GEOFFREY:

Well, that's cast rather a gloom over the evening, hasn't it?

HOWARD:

I don't see it that way, Geoff. [sniff] Let me tell you what I think we're dealing with here: a potentially positive learning experience to get an--

GRIM REAPER:

Shut up! Shut up, you American.



You always talk, you Americans. You talk and you talk and say 'let me tell you something' and 'I just wanna say this'. Well, you're dead now, so shut up!

HOWARD:

Dead?

GRIM REAPER:

Dead.

ANGELA:

All of us?

GRIM REAPER:

All of you.

GEOFFREY:

Now, look here. You barge in here, quite uninvited, break glasses, and then announce, quite casually, that we're all dead. Well, I would remind you that you are a guest in this house, and--

[whock]

Ah! Oh.

GRIM REAPER:

Be quiet! Englishmen, you're all so fucking pompous, and none of you have got any balls.

DEBBIE:

Can I ask you a question?

GRIM REAPER:

What?

DEBBIE:

How can we all have died at the same time?

[silence]

GRIM REAPER:

The salmon mousse.

GEOFFREY:

Darling, you didn't use canned salmon, did you?

ANGELA:

I'm most dreadfully embarrassed.

GRIM REAPER:

Now the time has come. Follow. Follow me.

[clunk]

[bang bang bang bang bang]

GEOFFREY:

Just... testing. Sorry.

GRIM REAPER:

Follow me. Now.

[deathly music]

Come.

[eerie music]

ANGELA:

Well, the fishmonger promised me he'd have some fresh salmon, and he's normally so reliable.

RANDOM:

Stumm. Stumm.

JEREMY:

Can we keep our glasses?

RANDOM:

Mmm hmm.

FIONA:

Oh. Good idea. [hiccup]

RANDOM:

Come on.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

HOWARD:

Okay.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

DEBBIE:

Hey, I didn't even eat the mousse.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

ANGELA:

Honestly, darling, I'm so embarrassed. It really is embarrassing. I mean,...

HOWARD:

I suppose... [mumbling]

ANGELA:

...to serve salmon with botulism at a dinner party is social death for me.

GEOFFREY:

Well, all right.

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

JEREMY:

Uh, shall we take our cars?

FIONA:

Do we need them?

GEOFFREY:

Why not?

ANGELA:

Yes. Why not?

HOWARD:

[mumbling] ...is my vote.

ANGELA:

Good idea.

RANDOM:

Yes. Why not?

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

RANDOM:

Shall we go separately?

[car sounds]

GUESTS:

[mumbling]

[spooky music]

GRIM REAPER:

Behold... Paradise.

[elevator music]

MR. HENDY:

I love it here, darling.

MRS. HENDY:

Me too, Marvin.

RECEPTIONIST:

Hello. Welcome to Heaven. Excuse me, could you just sign here, please, sir?

JEREMY:

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST:

Thank you! There's a table for you through there in the restaurant.

JEREMY:

Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST:

For the ladies,...

FIONA:

Mhm. 'After-life Mints'. [hiccup]

DEBBIE:

Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST:

Happy Christmas!

DEBBIE:

Oh, is it Christmas today?

RECEPTIONIST:

Of course, madam. It's Christmas every day in Heaven.

DEBBIE:

Ohh.

HOWARD:

Mmm.

DEBBIE:

How about that?

HOWARD:

Hello there.

DEBBIE:

Ah.

CROWD:

[mumbling]



[music]

Shhh. Shhhh! Shhh...

TONY BENNETT:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's truly a real honourable experience to be here this evening, a very wonderful and warm and emotional moment for all of us, and I'd like to sing a song for all... of you.

[applause]

[singing]

It's Christmas in Heaven.

All the children sing.

It's Christmas in Heaven.

Hark. Hark. Those church bells ring.

It's Christmas in Heaven.

The snow falls from the sky,

But it's nice and warm, and everyone

Looks smart and wears a tie.



It's Christmas in Heaven.
There's great films on TV:
'The Sound of Music' twice an hour
And 'Jaws' One, Two, and Three.

JOSEPH AND MARY: [singing]
There's gifts for all the family.
There's toiletries and trains.

THREE WISE MEN: [singing]
There's Sony Walkman Headphone sets
And the latest video games.



EVERYONE: [singing]
It's Christmas! It's Christmas in Heaven!
Hip hip hip hip hooray!
Every single day
Is Christmas day!
It's Christmas! It's Christmas in Heaven!
Hip hip hip hip hooray!



Every single day
Is Chri--

The End of the Film

LADY PRESENTER:

Well, that's the end of the film. Now, here's the meaning of life. Thank you, Brigitte.
M-hmm. Well, it's nothing very special.



Uh, try and be nice to people, avoid eating fat, read a good book every now and then, get some walking in, and try and live together in peace and harmony with people of all creeds and nations, and, finally, here are some completely gratuitous pictures of penises to annoy the censors and to hopefully spark some sort of controversy, which, it seems, is the only way, these days, to get the jaded, video-sated public off their fucking arses and back in the sodding cinema. Family entertainment bollocks. What they want is filth: people doing things to each other with chainsaws during tupperware parties, babysitters being stabbed with knitting needles by gay presidential candidates, vigilante groups strangling chickens, armed bands of theatre critics exterminating mutant goats-- Where's the fun in pictures? Oh, well, there we are. Here's the theme music. Goodnight.

[music]

[dong]

['Monty Python's Flying Circus' theme]

[wind]

VOICE OF MAN IN PINK: [singing]

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving
And revolving at nine hundred miles an hour,
That's orbiting at nineteen miles a second, so it's reckoned,
A sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see
Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at forty thousand miles an hour,
Of the galaxy we call the 'Milky Way'.
Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars.
It's a hundred thousand light years side to side.
It bulges in the middle, sixteen thousand light years thick,
But out by us, it's just three thousand light years wide.
We're thirty thousand light years from galactic central point.
We go 'round every two hundred million years,
And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
In this amazing and expanding universe.
The universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
In all of the directions it can whizz
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light, you know,
Twelve million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed there is.
So remember, when you're feeling very small and insecure,
How amazingly unlikely is your birth,
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space,
'Cause there's bugger all down here on Earth.